

IT MAKES THE HEART GROW FONDER.

It was in the early summer when my love and I first parted. She the snail sought and left me in the city broken hearted. I so swelter through the summer, she on sea island shore to wander. But her last words gave me comfort, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

How I loved the little letters that from time to time she sent me! As I read, it seemed that they a momentary break lost me, While she wrote of picnics, bathing, yachting trips, then bade me ponder Well the truth of that old saying, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

Never still were now her letters, and she wrote, "I'm very busy."

I extrapolated mildly—with my wayward, watching Lizzie.

Once more came the same old answer—any other seemed beyond her—

"Don't you know, you stupid Willie, 'Absence makes the heart grow fonder'?"

One more letter yet she sent me, while she at the seaside tarried, laughing at our "mild flirtation," telling me that she was married. And twas thus her note concluded—as I read, my face grew yellow—

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder—fonder of the other fellow!"

—London Tit-Bits.

"FLIP."

It was midnight, and the temperature stood at 102 degrees F. in the upper room of a house in Limassol.

"Oh, dash it all, Villiers; that's the third time in the last 20 minutes! Finish scat's for me tonight. Let's go onto the veranda. How hot it is, and how old Flip is snoring—quite apoplectic!"

The speaker threw down his hand and passed his fingers wearily through his tumbled hair. His opponent, Villiers, pushed back his hair, with a yawn, and started drumming the devil's tattoo on the table, while the sleeper snored more apoplectically than ever, and he who had watched the fall of the cards finished off his drink and shouted:

"Vassili!"

"Sair!"

"Wake up, you child of a bondwoman, and bring me a large brandy and soda, with plenty of snow in it—the cleanest you can get—d'you hear?"

"Or-right, sair."

The sleeper muttered in his dreams.

"Poor old Flip—dreaming, always dreaming of that heartless Jezebel," said Villiers as the trio moved out on the veranda.

Then spoke he who had called for drink and whose name was Jones—plain Jones—and said:

"I have never quite got to the bottom of that affair. Old Flip only spoke to me on the subject, and that very sketchily, as we were riding through the pass to Cophino. Do you know the rights of the matter, Fidus Achates?"

"Oh, yes," answered Villiers.

"Then tell us the story."

"Well, then drink—"

"I'll have another glass, and then I will, though it's too hot almost to parley."

As he spoke he threw himself into an easy chair, an example which was speedily followed by his companions.

Presently the Greek serving boy reappeared with the iced fluid. He did not immediately retire, and on Villiers angrily asking him what he was waiting for he replied hesitatingly in his broken pigeon English:

"Kalitas gunia, signor, come to me and say, 'Inglese signor, Harvey, being here?' Me say, 'Yes.' Signora say, 'Go tell me, signora, Inglese signora, want see—say?' Me say, 'Or-right, and go plenty quick bring soda water. Me coming back presently after by'm, by, plenty quick me coming—finish signora!"

"Oh, get along! You've been drinking too much vino, you scoundrel!"

"No, no no drinky vino. Me!"

"Oxo!" snapped Villiers, and the Greek withdrew.

As he passed through the adjoining room the sleeper moved uneasily and muttered a woman's name.

"You heard that?" inquired the teller of tales. "Well, that's the keynote. As far as I remember it was eight years ago and during Ascot week that the trouble began. Flip had been just three months engaged to Lily Fane—ever met the Fanes of Ridley Manor?—and they were to be married in the autumn. Flip—you'd hardly know him now for the ardent, impulsive old fool he was then—worshiped the very ground she trod upon, while she was nothing but a heartless grasping, scheming—"

"Steal over the stones," drawled the hope of all the Joneses.

Then Villiers, with a short laugh: "Rather a waste of words perhaps where one would suffice. She was a woman, and can any good thing come from a woman?"

"Well, to the point. For a mere caprice, driving from an arrogant bet that she could do with Flip as she liked, and you know old Flip's a pretty hard nut to crack, she told him after lunch on the cap day that he must go abroad at the end of the week and not return until a week before their wedding, which was to take place, I believe, on Nov. 10. Of course he took it as a joke, but that night she again repeated her extravagant demand, saying she was really in earnest; that some one had doubted if his love for her would carry him such lengths at her expressed desire.

"Did he fly into a furious passion, as would you or I or any sane man? Not a bit. Like the infatuated fool he was, he said it was very hard, but that if she really wished such extraordinary proof of the affection she should never doubt, and so on. The long and short of it was the end of the week saw him at Monte Carlo. Of course he went in for a little 'flutter,' just for something to do. Equally, of course, he won. He tried again, and again he won. Then the fever took him, and he played.

"He was very comfortably off and so had no excuse for plunging as he did, and if it hadn't been for that accursed girl he might have been a happy prosperous country gentleman today instead of a wreck in the government service on

a miserable pittance of £250 a year in this benighted island.

"Well, one unlucky night the crash came. I should be sorry to say how many thousands melted like snow at one fell swoop. He was ruined—absolutely ruined. He had to sell every stick he possessed, and that done he wrote to his girl and offered her her freedom.

"I suppose from a worldly point of view he was right, and she was right; but, considering all the circumstances, she need not have displayed such acidity in throwing him over. People may say it was at the instigation of her family. At any rate, she married shortly afterward a pauper with heaps of coin, but if report says true she has lived to regret her folly and her wickedness—I can call it by no other name.

"Well, through the influence of a friend Flip got a billet out here, and here I met him on my arrival, to my intense astonishment. Of course I had heard the outline of his story, but till he told me all I was really ignorant of the details leading to his unhappy smash. Until our meeting here we had not seen each other since the old Oxford days, when we had been fast friends, though he was an exquisite of the 'house' while I was a member of the studious Balliol. Eis, we have both of us changed a deal since then!"

The speaker ceased.

"The devil!" suddenly exclaimed Jones, starting forward and peering over the balcony.

No one noticed the noiseless approach of Flip from the inner room.

"What's up?" drawled Villiers.

"A woman in black just left the doorway and is crossing the street."

"Pooh, sit down! The heat's been too much for your never too strong working brain."

"There! She's standing at the corner and looking up at us—Vassili!"

"Sair."

"Who just left the house?"

"Me no savvy, sair."

A wave of hot air suddenly swept with a hollow sound through the room, like a breath from the angel of death, then all was doubly still.

"Good heavens! Lili!" gasped Harvey, who had now glided to the front and looked over the balcony.

Before any one could say a word he was off, down the stairs and out of the house like a madman.

The dark figure at the street corner seemed to be beckoning.

"Whew!" whistled Villiers.

Again that stifling blast of air swept over Limassol. It was followed this time by a rumble like the far-off roll of heavy artillery. The grumble swelled to a roar: the balcony seemed to shiver; the house swayed like a ship in a storm and then became steady, just as a deafening crash of falling masonry roused the still night into hideous wakefulness. Weid figures flitted here and there in every dishabille, shrieks of terror mingled with cries of "Vassili, all was wildness."

The first shock of surprise over, Villiers and his companions rushed down and out into the street, the far corner of which was one vast debris.

Fallen houses blocked the roadway, and here and there moans issued from under masses of timber and masonry. As well as they could Villiers and his friend allayed the panic and organized a species of relief party to clear the wreckage caused by the severe shock of earthquake, for this it was, and free the wounded and separate the dead.

Among the latter just as the day was breaking they lit on the mangled remains of their late comrade, Flip Harvey. But hark as they would they could discover no sign of the veiled stranger.

Months afterward when we had all gone our different ways and I was filling another post in Madeira, I received a letter from Jones inclosing the following newspaper clipping:

About 2 a. m. on the morning of Aug. 7, 1875, the private yacht Marie, belonging to Sir Henry Winter, was driven by a squall of wind onto a sunken rock while running among the Ionian islands. She is supposed to have foundered immediately, and so far no trace of her crew has been discovered. We regret to add that Lady Winter was on board.

It was close on that hour when the earthquake shock was so disastrously felt at Limassol, and Lady Winter had been Miss Lily Fane!

I have altered the names in this strange story, but for the rest—well, there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy. The remembrance of these remarkable incidents has caused me many a sleepless hour, and I confess my inability to explain them. Let those who may chance to read the story explain it if they can.—London World.

A stupid burglar.

"As an example of stupidity you could find none better than the manner in which my house was robbed," said an east ender. "When the servants got up, they found all over the house mud tracks, which were remarkable for the size of the foot that made them. They were made by a shoe not smaller than No. 18. Upon trying the dining room door it was found to be locked. After a little searching we found a key to open it. Upon the table were thrown a suit of clothes and a shirt which had evidently been brought from one of the upstairs rooms. Here the fellow had risked going up stairs, had taken a suit of clothes which was new and worth about \$50 and a shirt, then went down to the dining room and locked himself in while he examined his plunder. Now comes the most stupid part. He tore the cuff bands off a \$2.50 shirt to get a pair of collar buttons worth almost nothing, evidently not being able to comprehend that he could remove them more easily by unfastening them. Then he took from the vest pocket a cheap watch, which only kept the time you used in keeping it set, and left the suit, which would have been of use to him. He then left through the window. If I hadn't seen the marks of the feet, I would have thought it the work of a monkey instead of a man."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

"He was very comfortably off and so had no excuse for plunging as he did, and if it hadn't been for that accursed girl he might have been a happy prosperous country gentleman today instead of a wreck in the government service on

HENRY OWEN'S STORY.

A FULL ACCOUNT OF THE SUFFERINGS AND RESTORATION OF MR. AND MRS. HENRY C. OWEN'S RELATED TO BLADE REPRESENTATIVE.

Most Excruciating Pain Endured—Physicians Helpless—A Remarkable and Interesting Narrative.

[FROM THE TOLEDO, O., BLADE.]

During the past few months there have appeared in the newspapers of the country, accounts of marvelous cures from the use of a medicine discovery by Dr. David Kennedy, of Roudout, N. Y., known as Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy.

These cases, many of them held by the medical profession as incurable, have been so frequently discussed in the newspapers, that it has led to many people using this preparation, and they invariably have had a similar statement to make.

Many of these people have been told by their attending Physician, that "there was no hope," "recovery was impossible," and a little later, was announced their restoration to health and strength through the use of Favorite Remedy.

Recently the following letter from a well known citizen of East Toledo, attracted the attention of the Blade:

"No. 42 Euclid Ave., East Toledo, Dr. David Kennedy, Dear Sir:—I feel it a duty to write you of the benefit your medicine, Favorite Remedy, has been to my wife and myself. I suffered for years with kidney trouble, complicated with gravel in the bladder and gall stones; at times I endured the most excruciating pain, so bad that I would have to be carried home from my business. My physician did not help me in the least; I kept growing worse. Finally Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy was brought to my notice, and I used it regularly, following the suggestions found in the book wrapped about the bottle, and in a short time after that I was a well man: have never felt a return of the old troubles since.

The chief characteristics of Favorite Remedy is its agreeable quality and mild operation on the liver and bowels, absolute freedom from irritating cathartic action. Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy can be purchased, of any dealer in medicine at one dollar a bottle or six bottles for five dollars. A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and it never fails to cure when the directions are faithfully carried out.—Advt.

Yours truly, HENRY C. OWEN.

to be worthy of the fullest investigation, and the Blade determined to place the facts before the public for the benefit of other sufferers, and if unfounded, to let their readers know it. With these instructions a reporter was sent to the residence of Mr. Owen. In response to a ring of the door-bell, a lady appeared who proved to be Mrs. Owen. When the reporter made his mission known, Mrs. Owen said she would gladly tell him about the good Favorite Remedy has been recommended to dozens of people about here, and in no instance has it failed to benefit and cure.

Yours truly, HENRY C. OWEN.

STATE OF NEW JERSEY, DEPARTMENT OF STATE. To whom these presents may come, greeting:

Whereas, in the judgement of the Board of Directors of the Bloomfield Brass Foundry Company, a corporation organized under the laws of New Jersey, it has been deemed advisable and most for the benefit of such corporation that the same should be dissolved before the expiration of the time limited in its certificate of incorporation; and also, that the aforesaid corporation deposited record of the proceeding of said board of directors of such corporation held in accordance with the provisions of an act entitled "An Act concerning corporations," approved April 7, 1875, and the supplements thereto, relating to the dissolution of corporations, have been fully complied with by the said corporation. Do hereby certify that the Bloomfield Brass Foundry Company did on the ninth day of February, 1894, file in my office a duly executed and attested certificate of consent to the dissolution of said corporation by two-thirds of all stockholders of said corporation, that such corporation should take up as by law required having been set by said corporation deposited in my office:

Now therefore, I, HENRY C. KELLEY, Secretary of State of the State of New Jersey, being duly sworn by, do hereby issue this certificate of consent in writing of "two-thirds in interest of all stockholders of said corporation that such corporation should take up as by law required having been set by said corporation deposited in my office:

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at Trenton, this twenty-first day of February, A. D., eighteen hundred and ninety-four.

HENRY C. KELLEY,
Secretary of State.

Township Clerk's Notice of Election.

NOTICE is hereby given that the annual township election for township offices will be held on Tuesday, April 10, 1894.

The Boards of Registration and Election will meet at their respective places at 8 a. m.

From 1 to 9 a. m. for the purpose of revising and correcting the registry of voters. The said board will meet and the election be held at the following named places:

1st Ward, 1st District: Schneider's barber shop, 20 Broad Street; 2d Ward, 1st District: Excelsior Hose House, 37 Broad Street; 2d Ward, 1st District: Dodd's Hall, 287 Glenwood Avenue; 2d Ward, 2d District: Active Hose House, 287 Glenwood Avenue. The polls will be open from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

The following named officers are to be voted for: A Committeeman-at-Large; one Committeeman, 1st Ward; one Committeeman, 2d Ward; one Committeeman, 1st Ward; one Committeeman, 2d Ward; a Collector of Taxes; a Township Clerk; two Constables; a Justice of the Peace; two Surveyors of the Highways; three Commissioners of Appeals.

DATED BLOOMFIELD, N. J., March 9, 1894.

W. L. ELLIOTT,
Township Clerk.

NOTICE is hereby given that the annual township election for township offices will be held on Tuesday, April 10, 1894.

The Boards of Registration and Election will meet at their respective places at 8 a. m.

From 1 to 9 a. m. for the purpose of revising and correcting the registry of voters. The said board will meet and the election be held at the following named places:

1st Ward, 1st District: Schneider's barber shop, 20 Broad Street; 2d Ward, 1st District: Excelsior Hose House, 37 Broad Street; 2d Ward, 1st District: Dodd's Hall, 287 Glenwood Avenue; 2d Ward, 2d District: Active Hose House, 287 Glenwood Avenue. The polls will be open from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

The following named officers are to be voted for: A Committeeman-at-Large; one Committeeman, 1st Ward; one Committeeman, 2d Ward; one Committeeman, 1st Ward; one Committeeman, 2d Ward; a Collector of Taxes; a Township Clerk; two Constables; a Justice of the Peace; two Surveyors of the Highways; three Commissioners of Appeals.

DATED BLOOMFIELD, N. J., March 9, 1894.

W. L. ELLIOTT,
Township Clerk.

NOTICE is hereby given that the annual township election for township offices will be held on Tuesday, April 10, 1894.

The Boards of Registration and Election will meet at their respective places at 8 a. m.